

The Times - Dispatch
DAILY - WEEKLY - SUNDAY

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
Richmond Bureau.....1103 Hull Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily with Sunday.....\$6.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
Daily with Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00
Sunday edition only.....2.00 1.00 .50
Weekly (Wednesday).....1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and
Lynchburg.....One Week
Daily with Sunday.....14 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va.,
as second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1909.

THE CROWNING FOLLY.

Captain Kent's clumsy evasion of the series of questions propounded to him by the Anti-Saloon League is the crowning and ultimate stupidity of a campaign, in which stupidity has been from the start the predominant characteristic. His attempt to retire behind a feeble denial of the authority of the league's executive committee to question him can be likened to nothing so well as those methods of concealment which the ostrich family has long since made famous throughout the world. Captain Kent has succeeded only in sticking his head into the sand. All the rest of him, including his immense and roaring silence, is only too painfully visible. If it be objected that a silence is never visible and never roars, we shall reply that the laws of physical silence never encountered so unique and transcendent a silence as this one.

Both the Democratic candidates for nomination were asked these questions which have struck Captain Kent dumb, and answered them frankly and fully. They did not even wait for the league to ask them. In regard to all the most important points, each of them seized the occasion of his first public appearance to set forth his position in the clearest and most minute detail. But nothing so simple and straightforward would do for Captain Kent. In a moment of almost incredible faculty, he has been inspired to strive to hold the Anti-Saloon League to its Norfolk "legislative program" and to launch the wistfully humorous declaration that "the suggested legislation" of last February, "in a general way," "meets my approval."

It should scarcely be necessary to tell Captain Kent that the Anti-Saloon League's face is set toward the future, not the past; toward next January, not last February; that it will hold a new convention within a few weeks of the day when the next Governor of Virginia takes his seat; and that the "legislative program" with which the new Governor will have to deal may be a totally different thing from the program to which he cautiously ventures to give his approval. It should scarcely be necessary to inform him that local opinionists differ widely as to the duties of a Governor in the event of legislative prohibition or a referendum bill. Nor, finally, should it be necessary to remind this bewildered Moses that if he objects to "taking these interrogatories from an official of the Anti-Saloon League" he can take them, indeed, he cannot escape taking them from the voters to whom he is presumably appealing for support.

It can hardly be news to him that the press of the State has been assiduously prodding him with some of these questions for weeks. The voters whose support he is nominally seeking desire to know the answers to them, have desired to know from the start. And if the so-called independent vote, those "young and progressive men" to whom Mr. Taft refers so lovingly, shall prove to be ready and willing to buy a cat in a bag, if they will eagerly rally about a timorous leader who is unwilling to say where he stands on the most generally interesting piece of legislation likely to come before the next Governor, then do we beg our readers never again to pay regard to prognostications of ours.

It would be an amiable hyperbole to say that the Republican candidate, by his inspired folly, has knocked his chances into a cocked hat. We have all of us understood from the beginning that he had no chances. Let us say rather that he has wistfully turned upon his own frail and rickety campaign and deliberately kicked the bottom out of it. If he imagines that he has by this rash act put to sleep the question which he professes not to answer, he is, of course, vastly and ludicrously mistaken. Instead of being at the end of that "catechism" of which he petulantly complains, he is only at the beginning of it. It will dog him tirelessly and pitilessly from now until November 2. It will be flung straight up to him each time that he faces an audience in which there sits one outspoken man who likes candor in those who would lead, hates mystery, despises gum-shoe work and positively will not play partners with ostrich-politics. It will meet him on every stump, assail him on every platform, plague him over every winsome handshaker. It will not always be articulate, but he will know it is there just the same, a thin, but impenetrable barrier dividing him like a wall from those whom he aspires to woo. Probably in the end he will be forced to answer this interrogatory. Probably these declarations of position which Mr. Tucker and Judge Mann gave frankly and manfully will be wronged out of him some time this side of election day. But the interim promises to afford an exhibition which kindly-disposed and compassionate men will find painful in the last degree.

DR. COOK.

Dr. Cook blundered in promising to turn all his records and proofs over to

Copenhagen. It is doubtless true that having made such a promise he should not be asked to recall it, even though entirely new conditions have arisen since it was given. But in a sense he has no right over to make this promise. It is this country from which he drew his funds for the expedition, this country to which he turns for his chief acclaim, this country from which he will draw most of his royalties and box-office receipts. He feels and owes a genuine gratitude to the Danes for their prompt recognition of his claims, but this does not wipe out the natural obligations existing here. The disposition of Denmark to grow excited and incensed over any proposal to submit the proofs first to American inspection suggests still another acute phase of that "polar honor" to which most of us are becoming introduced for the first time. The best we can expect now is "simultaneous" submission of the proofs.

Incidentally, we could wish the good doctor were less eager to turn his glory into money. He has apparently rushed off on a tour of the country, giving high-priced lectures in various large cities as the discoverer of the pole. It must be said that the doctor's claims to that title have been sharply challenged; that many wholly disinterested people doubt or disbelieve them, and that he himself fully appreciates the necessity of producing proofs. Under these circumstances we cannot think that a sensitive man would care to ask the American people to trust him for six months while he himself collected the proceeds.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO WORK.

Is it constitutional to limit by law the number of hours which a woman may work in earning her daily bread? The question is of wide importance, since one woman in every five is a wage-earner. In Illinois the new ten-hour law for women has just been declared invalid by the State Circuit Court. Two women workers in a paper-box factory testified that their pay for ten hours' work would not suffice to support themselves and their children, and Judge Tuthill invalidated the law on the ground that it destroyed freedom of contract. The ground here is deadly familiar to workers for model child labor laws. The first objection that these reformers meet is always something like this: Imagine a bed-ridden widow whose only means of support is a twelve-year-old son in a cotton mill. What right have you to deprive her of that support and throw her upon charity relief? The reformers always reply: Imagine a bed-ridden widow who has no children at all; what then? They insist, that is to say, that a child under fourteen, or sixteen, is from an economic or productive point of view simply non-existent. But of course the situation is quite different when we come to consider the labor of adults.

The Illinois case will go to the higher courts. It seems to us certain that Judge Tuthill's decision will there be upset. Something like twenty States now have laws limiting woman's working day, and apparently all of them derive their source from excellent authority. This is the decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1907 in the famous Oregon case. Oregon passed a ten-hour law for women in 1903, and a Portland laundryman named Muller was tried for violating it. Muller fought his case through to the highest court, but without avail. The Supreme Court, in upholding the law, took a broader ground than the party technical question of freedom of contract, basing its decision on the physical constitution and functions of woman, and freely sanctioning the right of the State, in behalf of posterity, to exercise its police power in supervising the conditions under which she works. For very evident reasons, as Justice Brewer wrote, "the physical well-being of woman becomes an object of public interest and care, in order to preserve the strength and vigor of the race." Precisely the same broad argument, it would seem, would uphold the Illinois law and all similar ones.

If these ten-hour laws seem over-paternalistic, it must be remembered that the State's interest in woman is naturally peculiar, not paralleled elsewhere. Less than one-sixth of all women at work in 1900 were married, but the high purposes of these laws in protection of their health are not less manifest on that account. The restraint of the statute may seem to do an injustice to the sex as individuals, putting their personal needs and legitimate wishes below the good of the State, and bluntly denying them the chance to earn all they can. But in the long run this will almost certainly become adjusted, all women being on something like even terms and none being able to work for less than a living wage; and no doubt we shall find them before long earning as much pay by ten hours' work as they formerly got in twelve or fourteen.

THOSE DEMOCRATIC PROTECTIONISTS.

Defending Senator Bailey from the Bedford Bulletin's criticism of his protectionist leanings, the esteemed Norfolk Landmark says:

Senator Bailey is opposed to giving the country free trade in Southern products while heavily protecting Northern manufactures. Offshore products and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, and Senator Daniel, of Virginia, are of the same opinion as Senator Bailey with regard to this matter.

This form of argument, we believe, first appeared in the heat of the recent tariff debates, at a time when arguments of this sort were at a premium, and instantly found great favor. To say that Southern Democrats who voted for protection were fighting a broad and unselfish battle against rank sectionalism is certainly much more palatable than Senator Tillman's callous statement that if stealing from the Treasury were going on, he would

ed to have his share in it. But we have never been able to persuade ourselves that the argument was sound, or even frank. If it was a question of a tariff on some distinctively Southern product, like cotton, for instance, which Southern growers wanted taxed and New England manufacturers wanted free, the force of the logic would be much plainer. But the chief schedules in which Southern Democrats voted for the highest duties that they had a chance of getting, lumber, hides and barley, are not distinctively Southern products at all. Lumber, for example, is a large product in that New England district whose interests are represented as being always diametrically different from and opposed to the South.

An examination of the votes of Democratic protectionists in Congress will convince most candid persons that these representatives were not contending broadly for the interests of the South, but only for what they conceived to be the interests of their own particular districts. On no other rational theory can the distinction between their various votes and the fluctuations in their position be explained. It will be hard to convince thinking people that when Senator Tallaferro asked for an increase in the duty on Florida pineapples of more than 100 per cent. over the Dingley rate, he imagined himself to be waging a broad all-Southern battle against the greed of New England.

The South Dakota Indians are said to be rising. Evidently trying to locate the cost of living.

The Post-Office Department wants 20,000,000 new Hudson-Fulton stamps, which indicates that the picture postcard is not yet obsolete.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Paraguay has been ratified, and we can all breathe freely once more.

Some day a scrappy Republican heel may be caught in a craps emporium and then at last we may read of a joint debate.

The trouble with that new school for janitors in New York is that not a janitor in the lot will go to it. Show us, if you can, a New York janitor who doesn't know it all already.

Mr. Halley, whoever he is, deserves a round for not throwing a big tent around that comet of his and charging \$5 a look.

The Half Moon will not seem much of a spectacle to the man who has frequently seen two moons riding side by side not far from the club-window.

It is time that General Frederick D. Grant was stating whether, if he were Governor of anything, he would sign a bill referring the question to the people.

We read that in all likelihood war will now "be formally declared between Spain and Morocco." If the preliminary operations were all entirely informal we consider that they went some.

Of course, tourists who go from the Richmond State Fair to the Hudson-Fulton celebration must be ready to stand for an anti-climax.

We are positively convinced that no manufacturer of nails has the slightest idea of putting out a new one named The Peary.

Mr. Bryan's celebration of his silver-wedding stirs faint reminiscences of the great issues of 1896.

Whoever wins the mayoralty race in New York it is highly probable that Judge Gaylor will have most of the fun.

Harry Whitney is said to be anxious to avoid taking sides in the little Cook-Pearly affair. Mr. Whitney ought not to mind taking the plunge. We assure him that the water is fine.

COME SOUTH, YOUNG MAN.

Alabama is wooing farmers to settle within her borders.

The hunger for land and new homes prevails as extensively in the older States as it ever did, and the wonder is that the honest farmers who have not come to Alabama. Here good lands can still be purchased at \$10 an acre, and this is not the situation in any Western State this side of the arid belt. Only one-third of this State is under cultivation. Two-thirds of the finest State the sun shines on awaits purchasers and home-seekers.

And yet the average annual fall of moisture in this State is 48 inches, and with this moisture comes plenty of fortifying sunshine. By means of good cultivation any known crop of the temperate zone can be profitably raised in this State. County after county, a fair survey, and the home-seeker can readily find through these published surveys the soil he desires.

Alabama wants thousands and tens of thousands of white home-seekers. These men need not grow cotton. They can raise in the recent temperance, or law enforcement, parade in Chicago will be generally approved. No sensible man objects to temperance, or to the State's reasonable effort to inculcate it in the minds and hearts of the people.

The parade at Chicago, as we understand it, was not so much to advance the cause of temperance as it was a demonstration in the interest of the enforcement of the law. Each to participate, and as a soldier of the United States at that. It had been the right of the interest of what we know as prohibition, of one citizen's assumed right to interfere with the inherent rights of other citizens, or to interfere with the War Department, which is representative of all the people, to interfere, unless the general consent of the people is obtained, with an army officer. But it was no such parade.

The people of this country will no more sanction an abridgment of Gen. Grant's rights than they will abridge the rights of any other citizen. If in participating in a parade in Chicago or elsewhere a member of the republic can advance the cause of temperance and law and order, no citizen should raise his voice in protest. The law and its enforcement lies at the very foundation of government.—Nashville American.

GEN. GRANT AND THE PARADE.

Action of Secretary Dickinson Will Probably Be Approved by the People.

The action of Secretary of War Dickinson in declining to listen to the complaint respecting Gen. Grant's participation in the recent temperance, or law enforcement, parade in Chicago will be generally approved. No sensible man objects to temperance, or to the State's reasonable effort to inculcate it in the minds and hearts of the people.

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Borrowed Jingles

WORDS WORTH UP TO DATE.

She was a Phantom of a Fright
When first she glided upon my sight!
A shapeless shape in scanty dress
To haunt, to startle, to distress.

I saw her upon nearer view;
The things that women used to do!
She had to breathe a certain way,
And walk and walk for miles each day.

She couldn't eat a thing that's good
For human nature's daily food,
Just some hygienic stuff,
And stop before she'd had enough!

You'd think no one, however thin,
Her slender form would ever win;
Even if you understood the cult,
You'd be surprised at the result!

A perfect woman nobly gown'd,
With hips scarce thirty inches round!
And something like an angel's weight!
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine for September.

MEETLY JOKING.

Good Copy.

"I'll give you two a week," said the country merchant to a visiting lawyer.
"I can't live on less than four," declared the ambitious boy.
"You don't know what you can do till you try, John. Try it on two for awhile. It will make better reading for your biography when you get rich."—Washington Herald.

GIVING HER AWAY.

"Who gave the bride away?"
"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: 'Hurrah, Fanny! You've got him at last!'"—Till-Bits.

A Serious Question.

"Will the discovery of the pole result in any tangible benefit to mankind?"
"I don't know," answered the press humorist. "I doubt if the few new jokes it afforded will offset the raft of good news put out of commission."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Thirtieth.

"She!" I reached my thirtieth birthday yesterday.
"He!" I must have taken you at least forty years to get there."—Pittsburgh Courier.

A Village Argument.

"If I was a big corporation lawyer," began the party of the first part; "if I was a lawyer, I would have you arrested for being a corporation lawyer."—Pittsburgh Post.

Conceit and Modesty.

"We view things differently in this world."
"That's right. When the girls all smile, one man will put with pride, while another will wonder what's funny about his make-up."—Pittsburgh Post.

SHOTS FROM THE GALLERY.

The banquet to President Taft in San Francisco is to cost \$25 a plate. Superfluous "Archery" is the title of a new book of bad and cabbage—New York Evening Telegram.

An acrobat risks his life every time he appears, but the monologue man can spring almost any old stuff and get away with it.—Washington Herald.

Anyway, this North Pole matter permits us to forget Harry Shaw.—Philadelphia Record.

It will take a five-foot shelf of Bibles to accommodate the witnesses when the taking of testimony begins in the scientific determination of whether it was Cook or Peary, neither, or both.—Washington Post.

The fisher-folk who objected to the burial of a famous poet in the sea off their beach may have been afraid of getting their lines tangled with his.—Washington Times.

STATE PRESS

Digging Up the Oysters.

Chairman Macdonald Lee, of the Board of Fisheries, declared at Norfolk Saturday that the oyster industry in the Chesapeake is in a bad way. The oyster beds in the Virginia waters. At this rate oysters will soon be as scarce as fish in Virginia waters.—Alexandria Gazette.

Dr. Cook's Position.

Dr. Cook's course in this matter is anomalous and most extraordinary. He declares that he took possession of the North Pole in the name of the government of the United States, and then, ignoring a high and ancient law, he turned the discovery over to a foreign country to prove the fact. Claiming to be an American citizen, he pretended to have acted for the government of the United States. It was the University of Copenhagen that should have awarded, even if that institution had asked the privilege of making the investigation.—Petersburg Index-Appel.

The Virginia Republicans.

As a matter of fact, the present attitude of the Republican party in Virginia would be pathetic were it not for its reckless, ill-considered and rather unbusinesslike campaign methods. It is confronted with a Democratic record of magnificent efficiency, of unquestioned integrity, of progressiveness, and it is itself burdened with a state history of impotency, radicalism and shame. It can present no just ground of complaint against Democratic policies.—Lynchburg News.

The Laymen's Movement.

One of the greatest religious movements of modern times, if not the greatest of the Christian age, is the present effort on the part of the laity to evangelize the world through the present generation. When it is remembered that the greater part of America and America, and the islands of the Pacific are now in the bondage of heathenism, the task seems so enormous that it requires not only the most earnest measure of faith, but an almost inconceivable measure of human effort and expenditure of vast sums of money.—Roanoke World.

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AMERICAN GIRL IN HISTORIC HOME

Duchess of Roxburghe, Formerly Miss Goelet, Mistress of Chesterfield Mansion.

LANDMARK OF OLD LONDON

Beautiful Staircase, Furniture and Tapestry Are Two Hundred Years Old.

BY LA MARQUISE DE D'ANTNOY.

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE and her multi-millionaire American wife, Mrs. Maud Goelet, have bought the historic mansion of the British metropolis, and have built for Philip Dormer Stanhope, author of the celebrated "Letters" to his son, in this design is a house of the most charming and warm took place in February, 1752, and is described in the writings of Horace Walpole; while it was in its prime, the house was bought by Lord Chesterfield in 1747 at the sale of Canons, the palace of the Duke of Chandos, near Edgware, immortalized by Pope. One of the features of the house is the superb staircase, which has a European celebrity. It is composed of white marble, each step being cut out of a single block of stone, and rising 20 feet in width. When the first landing is reached the staircase divides into two flights, reaching to the second and third floors, which is supported by three marble arches and four fluted Corinthian columns, with an exquisite cornice and frieze. This design is repeated on the same scale from the first floor, and carried up to the domed roof. The ballroom is a particularly handsome apartment, with its walls and ceiling of the ceiling being picked out in gold, which has never needed renewing since the building of the house. The ballroom is a particularly handsome apartment, with its walls and ceiling of the ceiling being picked out in gold, which has never needed renewing since the building of the house. The ballroom is a particularly handsome apartment, with its walls and ceiling of the ceiling being picked out in gold, which has never needed renewing since the building of the house.

as chief magistrate of the important British seaport town of Bombay—the hall head of the Uganda Railway, and married to the Talbot Mundy, occupying the position of collector at Port Florence, nor can I find any record of his divorce from Rupert Craven and his wife.

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MAKING IMMIGRANT FARMERS.

Crowds, Which Through Cities Should Be on Unused Farm Lands.

Some recent statements are as true as they seem, it would be well if those public-spirited men and women who are helping the immigrant to become more at home in the country of his adoption would explain to him how easily and cheaply land which is not far removed from markets may be bought in the United States. Many of the Italians, Slavs and men of other nationalities who come to us every year have an agricultural instinct, and in their native countries are and are filled with longing to possess land of their own. They remain in the nearest town or city because there is no authority upon whom they can place dependence to guide them to localities in which their knowledge and experience would render them invaluable. They settle down to the first poor trade that offers an endeavor to save money from their scanty earnings with which to satisfy the land hunger which is a consuming passion. When the requisite savings have been accumulated after many painful years, comparatively few of them attempt to buy American farms. They go back to their old homes to become landholders in the villages which formerly knew them as farm hands, and entirely unconsidered persons.

Most of their savings are sent direct to the old country, and the more thrifty and industrious an immigrant is, the more he is likely to sink upon himself as more bird of passage. Yet it cannot be doubted that farming in this country would pay better than it does in Europe, and that it could be done to convince the most useful class of immigrants the United States obtains of the superiority of the farm lands which they reach, and those upon their small hoards would enable them to purchase abroad.—Bridgeport Telegram.

THE I. H. C. LAYOUT

BIGGEST EXHIBIT

One of the Most Elaborate and Attractive Exhibits at the State Fair.

International Harvester Co.

All Kinds of Machinery That Helps the Farmer and His Good Wife.

Nobody undertook to keep a correct tab, for it was not deemed necessary, but a casual observer estimates that not less than 5,000 people yesterday visited the acre of ground on the State Fair reservations, occupied and controlled by the International Harvester Company of America. The farmers that came to the city yesterday from all parts of the State had heard of the I. H. C. attractions, and about the first thing they did was to go to the State Fair Grounds was the big yellow I. H. C. sign. They were not long in finding it, because it was right there in bold relief, and when they did find it they also found a corps of first-class gentlemen to show them the sights, not only of the I. H. C. exhibit, which is a show within itself, but of all things on the immense Fair Grounds that are worth seeing.

While there is everything in the I. H. C. exhibit that can possibly interest a farmer, the I. H. C. exhibit is not only a show, but a show of the outside, that is to say, the man who does not take very much direct and personal interest in these things, to know what really does interest the farmer, the man who tills the soil, and the man who does it for his profit. No concern on the earth has done more to enable the farmer, especially the Southern farmer, confronted as he is with the labor problem, to make several blades grow where only one previously grew, than has the International Harvester Company. Of course, the I. H. C. did not do this thing just for fun or as a matter of philanthropy. They saw money in it, and the man or the set of men who study out problems and furnish a plan that helps other men to double their earning capacity are entitled to a just reward for their good works.

The big tent that occupies a part of the ground owned for the time being on the State Fair Grounds by the International Harvester Company holds but a small part of the company's exhibit. As a matter of fact the tent is merely a kind of parlor or reception room, in which all visitors are made comfortable, and where they have a chance to rest from the fatigues of sight-seeing. But just go on through this big front tent and still on through the annex tent and then out into the open, and an exhibition of machinery and farming implements will loom up that is well calculated to take one's breath away.

The gasoline traction engines here are a show unto themselves. One that has caught the eye of the farmer, and is likely to catch the eye of many more, is a fifteen-horse power puller that can keep steady on a level road, and once, and when the plowing season is over the same engine can be used for almost any kind of work that can be reached by hand, that is to say, it can be used for sawing wood, lumber, grinding corn, or for any other thing that a farmer can do. The I. H. C. power hay press is one of the greatest inventions of the age, and for the first time is on exhibition at the I. H. C. tents. This press readily bales hay, oats, shucks or any other farm product that should be baled, and being mounted on farm trucks it can be readily carried to any part of a farm, be it ever so hilly and steep.

There is on this acre of the I. H. C. reservations a most remarkable display of modern manure spreaders, a machine that almost has human intelligence in the matter of distributing the fertilizer, especially such as come naturally to the farm.

But speaking of the gasoline engines it is wonderful how many different kinds and sizes the I. H. C. people have on exhibition. The power is readily adapted to all of them in operation. They vary from a fifteen-horse power down to a "Tom Thumb" or a one-horse power engine. This "Tom Thumb" is a curiosity within itself, because it will do so much work that has hitherto been done by the over-worked wife and daughter of the farmer. Why, it will run a churn or a sewing machine or a washing machine, and then it has a spraying attachment that will enable a little girl

LIFE OF A PIMPLE

Complexions Are Cleared and Pimples Disappear Overnight Without Trouble.

The dispensers of posium, a new skin discovery, ask that notice be given that no one is urged to purchase or use without first obtaining an experimental package. Every one who has tried it knows that the fifty-cent box, on sale at "Fragile" and all drug stores, is sufficient to cure the worst cases of eczema, where the surface affected is not too large. The itching ceases on first application. It will also cure acne, tetter, blotches, scaly scalp, hives, barbers' itch and every other form of skin trouble. Water and soap can not be used in connection with it, as these irritate and prolong skin troubles, sometimes even causing them.

As to the experimental package of posium, it can be had free of charge by mail of the Emergency Laboratories, 22 West Twenty-fifth Street, New York. It alone is sufficient to clear the complexion overnight, and to rid the face of pimples in twenty-four hours.

say not more than a half a dozen years old, to spray the fruit trees, water the flowers or the cabbage bed or the tomato bed, or to do any other work that comes within the scope of this wonderful little engine.

These gasoline engines vary in size and power from the Tom Thumb up to a fifteen-horse power machine that is capable of running a Bell City thrasher or any other heavy machinery that requires so much power. These engines are used for all kinds of work, such as grinding corn into meal, shelling corn, churning milk, separating cream, running a washing machine and turning a grindstone. In fact, the annex tent of the I. H. C. one engine can be seen doing all of these things at once, and it is well worth a trip to the I. H. C. grounds to see this remarkable engine doing all of these stunts and doing them so well.

The I. H. C. people have assembled a large corps of their men here to show to the visitors to the fair all of these wonders and many more than have been mentioned above.

P. H. Clarke, a Virginian, who for many years was in the wagon-making business at Salem, has charge of the wagon exhibit, and he is there to answer questions. Mr. Crowder has charge of the wood sawing and corn husking and shelling machinery, and he just loves to be asked questions. The traction engine and plow department is being looked after by Mr. Brittain, and he is a regular inverted interrogation pool.

Mr. Finkbeiner, an orator of no mean proportions, orates on the qualities and advantages of the auto bugles, and the new I. H. C. roadster, the finest country road automobiles ever put on the market.

Mr. Shelburne's specialty is also harrowed, but he is well up in all classes of farm machinery, and has a wonderful way of making himself interesting.

Other special artists on the grounds are ready, willing and anxious to show the visitors to the I. H. C. camp how to make a good thing out of all about modern farm and labor-saving machinery are Mr. Masters, T. A. Campbell, George W. Briggs, W. W. Griner, C. A. Tanner and O. D. Bradley. Of course, General Manager Fraser and First Lieutenant Green are on the ground to make everybody feel at home when they go to the big I. H. C. tent and the big display beyond the tent.

No visitor to the fair can afford to miss the I. H. C. layout.

Announcement

RUDOLPH MOESTA CO.

Caterers, Bakers and Ice Cream Manufacturers, have changed hands, succeeded by

C. F. Ross & Co.

Mr. Ross, who is the manager of the new company, begs to advise that no expense will be spared to thorough the new mechanical department with modern machinery, insuring always a perfected product. The minutest detail pertinent to thorough sanitation has been observed.

Eleven years in the baking department of the Jefferson Hotel, and more recently of the Monticello, Norfolk, its Mr. Ross for the responsible position in which he is now placed, and his many friends in this city will be quick to appreciate the fact.

The new company requests the pleasure of serving the old company's patrons, and also invites a portion of yours.

C. F. ROSS & CO.

117 East Main Street.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. No other remedy so sure. Sufferers from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Two Heart's Biting. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

"SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Ely-Central

Illustrated Prospectus now in press.

Sent on request.

ADDRESS US AT ONCE

B. H. Scheffels & Co.,

42-44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.